

## SONNET XLI V\*



•O CHOICE of change can ever change  
my mind !

Choiceless my choice, the choicest  
choice alive; Wonder of woraen, were  
She not unkind :

The pitiless of pity to deprive.  
Yet She,, the kindest creature of  
her kind\*

Accuseth me of sell-ingratitude :  
And well She may ! Sith, by good  
proof I find

Myself had died, had She not  
helpful stood. For when my  
sickness had the upper hand,

And death began to show his awful  
face; She took great pains, my pains for  
to withstand;

And eased my heart that was in heavy  
case. But cruel now, she scorneth what  
it craveth : Unkind in kindness,  
murdering while she saveth !



## SONNET XL V.

INE eye bewrays the secrets of my  
heart,

My heart unfolds his grief before her  
face : Her face (bewitching pleasure of  
my smart!)

Deigns not one look of mercy and of  
grace. My guilty eye of murder and of  
treason,

(Friendly conspirator of my decay,  
Dumb eloquence, the lover's strongest  
reason !)

Doth weep itself for anger quite  
away; And chooseth rather not to  
be, than be

Disloyal, by too well discharging  
duty: And being out, joys it no more  
can see

The sugared charms of all deceiving  
Beauty^ But (for the other greedily  
doth eye it), I pray you, tell me, What  
do I get by it ?